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LEHIGH BACHELOR

•
CORN Y ISSUE

Fifteen Cents

MARCH, 1942
•

-SO WE DIDNT
THINK OF A
COVER
PICTURE

HI YA
DOC!



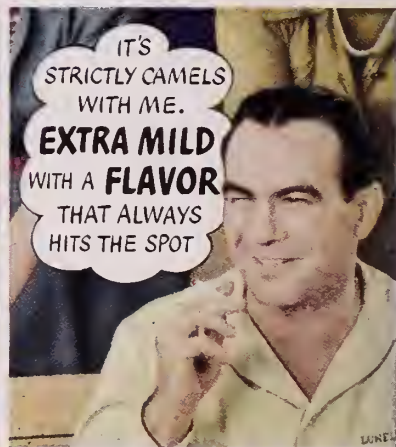
"SET 'EM UP" — FOR CHAMPION LOWELL JACKSON



AND SET UP THE CAMELS, TOO
... Whether you're in there
bowling yourself—or watch-
ing — nothing hits the spot like
a cool, flavorful Camel

TALK ABOUT your wood-gettin' wonder! You're looking right at him — "Low" Jackson of St. Louis, 1941 All-American, captain of the world's match game champions, and possessor of one of the highest-scoring hooks in bowling today. Light up a slower-burning Camel and watch this champion in action.

THERE'S A SWIFT FLASH of the arm. The snap of a wrist. The ball whirls down the alley. Take a good long look at the way "Low" Jackson tossed that one—that's an All-American hook. Close to the gutter. Three-quarters down, she starts to break—straight for the slot. Watch it now—it's —



C-R-A-S-H! A perfect hit! The very sound of 'em falling sets you tingling all over. Like a homer with the bases loaded...a hole in one...like the full, rich flavor of a certain cigarette, it never fails to thrill. No matter how much you smoke, there's always a fresh, welcome taste to a Camel—for Camels are milder with less nicotine in the smoke.

THE SCORE-BOARD tells the story. More smokers prefer Camels...smokers like Lowell Jackson to whom mildness is so important...smokers who want a flavor that doesn't tire the taste...smokers who want more out of a cigarette than something to carry in hand or pocket. You'll never know what you've been missing until you smoke Camels.

TWENTY TIMES "Low" Jackson (above) has rolled the perfect score (300). Every time he lights up a Camel he smokes with the assurance of modern laboratory science that in the smoke of milder, slower-burning Camels there is less nicotine (see below, left). Get a package of slower-burning Camels today, and smoke out the facts for yourself.

The *smoke* of slower-burning
Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling brands tested—
less than any of them—according
to independent scientific tests
of the smoke itself!

● By burning 25%
slower than the average
of the 4 other
largest-selling brands
tested — slower than
any of them—Camels
also give you a smoking
plus equal, on the
average, to

**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**



Camel

—the Cigarette of
Costlier
Tobaccos

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

LEHIGH
Bachelor

Volume 2, Number 6 March, 1942

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THE LEHIGH BACHELOR is published nine times this year by an undergraduate group at Lehigh University. Exclusive reprint privileges granted all recognized college magazines. Subscription for nine issues, one dollar. Single issue, 15 cents.

BEER
and
SKITTELS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

I am reading the last issue of the BACHELOR and found a glaring mistake. I know very little about jazz and men of jazz, but on page 12 is a picture of Bunny Berigan's band taken before 1930. Obviously seen in the picture is Buddy Rich and Geo. Auld who weren't in the band until after '30.

Dave Rothenhoefer
Frederick, Md.

Editors admit and regret said mistake.

Dear Sirs:

With malice towards none and only a desire to increase your fan mail, I wish to call your attention to the pic of Berigan's band in the current issue of the BACHELOR on page 12. As 1930 is supposed to be the latest date of the pics shown, this one is obviously out of place. Blackie Auld and Buddy Rich are plainly shown, which would make them around ten or eleven years old at the time—rather young to be in a band which wasn't organized at that time anyhow . . . 1938 or 1939 would be more like it, judging solely from the personnel.

Really enjoyed Wallick's satire and like the issue a lot.

Thanks a lot for listening.

Smitty

Ditto.

Dear Sir:

Unfortunately, too many undergraduates never heard of the Alumni Office, nor have the faintest conception of the potential service it may render. I am assuming this was the case of the writer of the editorial in the current issue entitled JAMES WARD PACKARD. I'll stake you and the entire BACHELOR STAFF to the best dinner you can find in the Lehigh Valley, that I can furnish enough material from the files and archives

of the Alumni Office regarding the life of Packard to fill an entire issue of your magazine. And probably any of the present staff of the said office can do likewise, if your editorial writer would take the trouble to ask them.

Journalistically yours,

John Maxwell

The Alumni Office was consulted before the editorial was written but no material was available at the time; however, since then, some data concerning the life of Packard was found in the files of that office. We still think that Johnny would be out some few dinners if we took him up on the bet.

To the editors of the Lehigh BACHELOR:

Dear Sirs:

I wish to call attention constructively to some *faux pas* pulled in the latest issue of your publication.

Numerous errors, apparently typographical, appear in the short story, *A Midsummer Idyll*, by Richard Harding Davis. And the date in the heading by Prof. Allen J. Barthold is 1883, not 1813.

With all the big blow off about Davis, the eminent author and adventurer who flunked mathematics here in 1885, did members of the staff fail to notice that Dick Davis himself was pictured in the pages of the BACHELOR?

In the series of uncaptioned and incorrectly dated

pictures of Lehigh life we find included a shot of the football team of 1883 or 4. In the group are Richard Harding Davis (second from left, standing) and his brother, C. Belmont Davis (second from left, standing) who was one time ambassador to Italy.

I think the Bachelor missed a scoop on this one—

Respectfully,

David J. Carrigan, Arts, '44

The editors realized that the Davis brothers were pictured in the cuts printed, but there is a long and complicated story as to why the pictures were uncaptioned which we would gladly relate to Mr. Carrigan at his earliest convenience, if he can tell us how Richard and his brother could both be standing in the same place in the picture—remarkable fellows, no doubt.

FATE

Art Rich, Bus. '42, had his car stolen from beside Packard Lab one evening. Several days later the Allentown police recovered it for him, intact except for the loss of the emergency brake. Art happily claimed his car and then some forty-five minutes later made a slight miscalculation while driving and smashed it up to the tune of about \$65 worth of damage.

FACULTY QUOTES

"I can't remember what I said—but I'm going to repeat it."

Butterfield 3/9/42



"We not getting anywhere. He's still waiting for a bid from Phi Beta Kappa."

A TEXTBOOK OF FACTS

SEVEN PATHS
TO KNOWLEDGE

● ALL CORN
NO POTATOES

RECENT queries have proved that the average engineer in college and in the outside world has strictly a one track mind capable of thinking only in terms of definite integrals and functions of 'x'. In order to remedy this situation the Bachelor is print-

By
DULLARD
ARTSMAN

ing a series of lessons and quizzes in language that even engineers can grasp with conscientious effort. Often it has been said that the engineer is so well versed in the higher maths that the lower and more fundamental forms are not within his scope. It is fitting then that the first lesson be in:

GEOMETRY (very plain)

A point is a straight line bent in circular form without an outside or an inside and which two of which are the ends of a straight line. Lift you pencil above the paper and drop it with the pointed end down. The mark it leaves is a point. Now drop it again. Connect the points with a mark. This gives a line the ends of which aren't the same point, and the middle of which is bent straightly. This is a straight line.

A circle is a straight line bending in the middle and at both ends. It is just like a point only not quite so crowded. Take a half dollar, a dime will do, and connect a line around the top and bottom and around the sides . . . this makes like a circle.

A square is a circle with pointed edges and flat sides. Tie a lump of charcoal to your shoe and run around the block. This is a square.

A triangle is a square, which has lost one side and still isn't a circle because its curved side isn't bent.

QUIZ IN GEOMETRY

- 1. The bottom of a beer glass is (a) square, (b) wet, (c) a bad sign?
- 2. If four men start at the same point three miles from 'x', and run like hell toward 'x', they are tired (a) after six steps, (b) after four steps, (c) after three steps, (d) after 'x'?

GEOGRAPHY

The world is round like an egg, only not like an egg, since the back end of an egg is pointed like a tennis ball, except that a tennis ball is rounder, like the world. Take an egg in your hand and hold it for three weeks . . . this gives a smell like the air around *certain sections* of the earth. Place the egg in water and bury. This leaves the tennis ball.

QUIZ IN GEOGRAPHY

- 1. Who discovered the world? (a) Dean Carothers? (b) God?

HISTORY

History is what happened long ago, even before 1929. George Washington discovered history and is the father of his country. He did not say "give me liberty" nor even write "My Country 'Tis of Thee". He started the one dollar bill for advertising purposes and married Martha. Think of something that happened to you. That is history. Think of something that hasn't happened yet, this mustn't be confused with history, because history already has, and will repeat itself.

QUIZ IN HISTORY

- 1. Historians are (a) dull, (b) very dull, (c) damn dull?
- 2. Three weeks ago, Joe had a date with Miss Y. of Cedar Crest. Will history repeat itself? (Yerdamright) Part I.

Identify the following poems and their authors.

- 1) *LEANING ACROSS THE BAR* (hint)
Sunset and evening star,
And one more beer for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

PLATTER PRATTLE

STRICTLY SOLID

NO CORN

ALL-STAR BAND

The fourth in a series of such records made by the winners of *Metronome's* annual poll, this disc, like the rest, is notable only for the caliber of the solos. On "Royal Flush" (played by a full band) trombonists Higginbotham and Mc Garrity and Benny Goodman take top honors. The tune is taken at medium tempo, and ensemble work is at a high level. "I Got Rhythm" is taken by only eight all-stars and Alvino Rey (all leaders). Highlights are Higgy's virile trombone and Benny's surprising sub-tone clary. Barnet fans will find Charlie showing to good advantage also. You're bound to find something of interest in this record. Columbia 36499.

COUNT BASIE

The vastly improved Basie band turns in a grand job on "More Than You Know", which is feelingly sung by Lynne Sherman. Smoothly played and arranged with Buck Clayton's incomparable, muted trumpet taking the only solo. "Down For Double" is taken at fast tempo and played with the tremendous drive characteristic of the Basie Boys. Buddy Tate's exciting tenor and some magnificent Dickey Wells' tromboning are featured with, of course, the Count being spotted here and there. One of the Count's better offerings on Okeh 6584.

BENNY GOODMAN

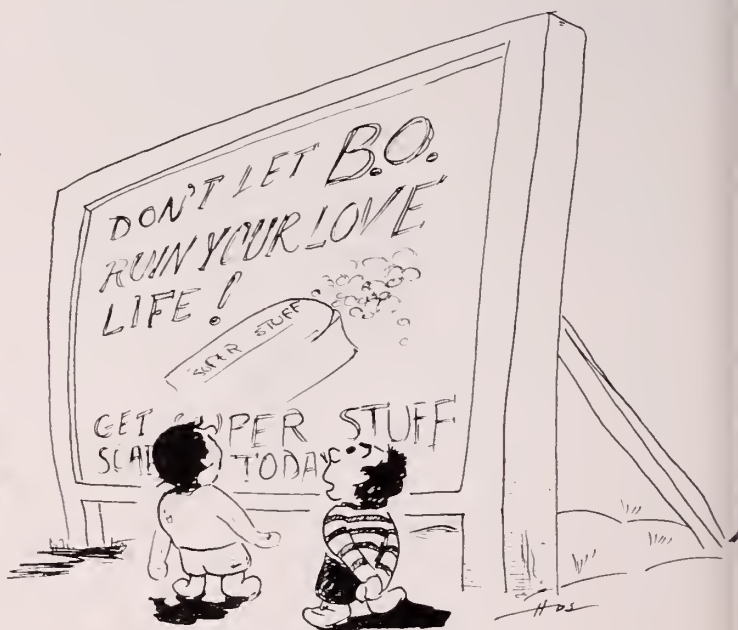
After a tricky intro and a poor Art London vocal on "Zoot Suit" the King's Men suddenly cut loose with a terrific lift and a string of great solos by BG himself, Lou Mc Garritty, and Mel Powell and end up the tune (which you'll recognize as "Jeepers Creepers") with a cleverly conceived figure. However, "My Little Cousin" is week material played in the "Bei Mir bist du Schoen" fashion but contains, oddly enough, a good Peggy Lee vocal. On Okeh 6606.

On "Jersey Bounce" and "String of Pearls", which is far superior to the more-publicized Miller version, Benny and his men are in a great groove. "Pearls" has some rugged Mc Garrity trombone work as well as a mess of Vido Musso tenor, Mel Powell piano, and Goodman clarinet. "Jersey" features more Musso and Goodman with a bit of Mc Garrity tossed in. Benny's

band shows up extremely well on these four sides. Okeh 6590.

Reissued on Bluebird 11456 is the superb 1937 Goodman Trio version of "Where or When" which you'll want to compare with the more recently recorded Sextet treatment. The coupling has the '38 BG Quartet plus Johnny Kirby on bass giving the once-over to "I Cried for You". Slow, moody jazz on both sides with Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton in exceptionally fine form.

See page 16



GEORGE, I WONDER IF . . .

OUR-ONLY-REGRET DEPARTMENT

The New Republic:

. . . In spite of all this, they (Ed. note: the Nazis) were able to kill a maximum of 6,000 a month out of Landan's then 6,000,000, at which rate you would get killed by a bomb only once in eighty-three years. . . .

Once is enough.



SCENE ON CAMPUS...

There's no reason for wearing a heavy overcoat unless you're conditioning yourself for lugging around the sixty-pound sack Uncle Sam has waiting for you. You'll be just as warm in a weightless alpaca. The pipe smoker is wearing one in black. It has a fly front, raglan shoulders and slit pockets. This soft luxurious fabric is not only exceedingly durable but is also moth and shower repellent. The fellow next to him is wearing a tan poplin leisure coat and vest set. The flaps on the vest are for added protection against the wind. Both the vest and the jacket have patched pockets and pigskin buttons. The trousers are glen-plaid. The cigarette smoker strolling to class has on a sports outfit consisting of a green on gray Shetland jacket and sea-green covert trousers. The jacket is three buttoned and has long rolled lapels. The trousers are ankle high and have no break in them at all. The moccasin shoes have detachable overlapping fringed tongues. The fellow with the slide rule completes the picture. Besides the tattersall flannel vest, he's wearing a three-buttoned lovat suit of diagonal weave.

OF SOPHOMORE AND NUT

The sophomore class was being guided through the local Insane Asylum. They had already driven the two guards assigned to them crazy, so Tim Russ, who was last in line, began looking around for new fields to conquer.

As they turned down a corridor, Tim noticed an inmate on his hands and knees, painting a white line down the middle of the floor as if it were a roadway. Tim dropped out of line and hid himself until the rest of the class was out of sight. Then he approached the painter.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

The nut looked up. "They think I'm crazy," he began. "but actually on a straight line with the one I'm making, fifty yards from the gate, under an oak tree, there's buried a pot of gold and I don't want to forget where it is."

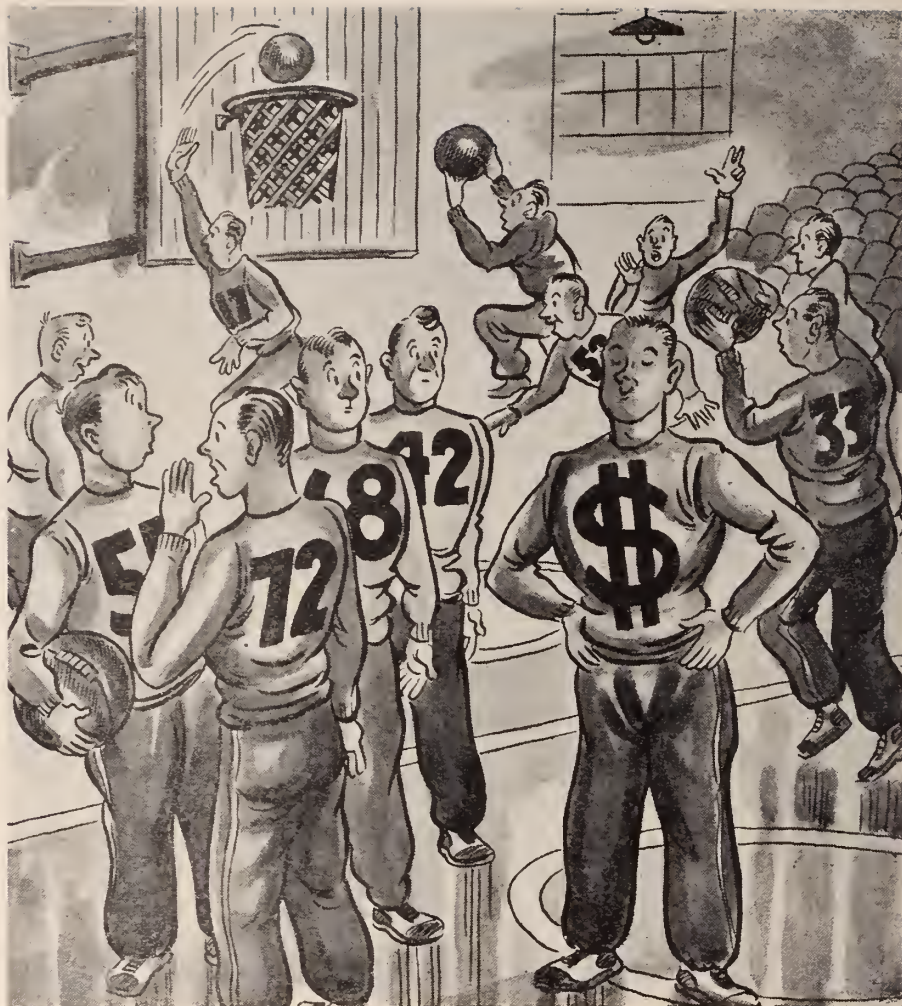
"Why don't you tell one of the keepers?" asked Tim.

"They wouldn't believe me," replied the man, "and besides, I don't trust them."

"Maybe I can help you," said Tim.

The man's eyes lightened. "Would you?"

Tim nodded in the affirmative.



"That's Van Bibber, the millionaire's son!"



"What can I do?"

"When you leave," said the inmate. "if you'll dig up the gold and hire a doctor and lawyer to get me out of here, I'll split it with you!"

Tim rushed out. He measured off fifty yards from the gate and found the oak tree, then he began digging. He dugged and digged, then he digged some more. After a few hours of fruitless effort, he rushed back to the inmate who was still painting the white line down the middle of the floor.

"There isn't any gold out there!" Tim shouted.

The nut just looked up and said, "Here, you paint for a while."

"Quick, officer, I just broke a cane over my boy friend's head, and I need your help."

"Gosh! Is he seriously hurt?"

"No, that's why I want to borrow your nightstick!"

INTROSPECT

NO CORN

That day she died. She had been sick, but she was expected to get well again. In fact, she was supposed to get out of bed the very next day. John had been extremely happy when he left the little house *that morning*, for he was thinking that soon Caroline and he would be living the happy, fare-free life they had loved before she became sick.

Ever since they were children they had played together, had children's quarells together, had grown up together, had silly lover's arguments together, and, for the past three and a half years, they had lived together. Every emotion of one was felt by the other—there was no pain, no pleasure, no sadness, no happiness that was not mutual.

It was early afternoon when John got home. His eyes had lost the sparkle they had had that morning, now they were dry—they were bitter. His face had lost the color it had had that morning, now it was grey—it was drawn. His mouth had lost the smile it had had that morning, now it was straight—it was pressed. His gait had lost the spring it had had that morning, now it was slow—it was plodding.

John was bewildered. He sat for several hours trying to make himself realize that Caroline was dead. She was not here to share his pain with him—she could not help him with *this* problem as she had with all the others. What should he do? What *could* he do? He was still young. He could learn to forget in time. There was his work. All these solutions he knew would come sincerely from sympathetic, but not understanding friends.

What would Caroline wish him to do? He couldn't think what he would want her to do.

He looked back on their life together. It had been very happy. Even when she was sick they were able to be happy because they *knew* she would get well.

There was one solution, however, that the others would never think of—in fact he was surprised that he thought of it himself at a time like this. Ethel Reed, the pretty little girl over whom Caroline and he had had their first serious quarrel, suddenly rose in his thoughts. Would she not offer him some consolation? They had always been the closest of friends. He might even spend the evening with her. Yes, that was it. He was afraid to be alone. He crossed the living room slowly, lit a cigaret, lifted the 'phone, and dialed a number.

Prof—Wake up that fellow next to you.

Student—You do it, Prof. You put him to sleep.

—*Varieties*

Have you ever heard about the little duck who was so embarrassed because his first pair of pants was down?

—*Exchange*

Teacher—Now, Johnny, if I lay two eggs over here and three over there, how many will there be altogether?"

Johnny—Personally, I don't think you can do it."

—*Exchange*



INTRODUCING THE FROWN AND BITE

• CORN •

Any similarity to similar or other dead publications is purely intentional



ANYTHING
WE FEEL LIKE
PRINTING

LEHIGH
Frown



BACHELOR'S
Bite

and

DID YOU KNOW . . .
LEHIGH IS A
SCHOOL?

Scene 3—Act II

BET'LEM, PA. YESTERDAY

Juicy Edition

Frat Men Organize Neat Dance

Each Weekend Assured
Anyone Shelling
Out \$3.30

Longdon Says So

"We feel that you've got it, few," with these history making words were the two bands, being used, signed. It was felt around that they had something. Some felt that it might be rhythm, in other quarters it was poohpoohpoohed. Yet the universal feeling was that they had something. Not concrete maybe, few would be so bold as to say that, but the feeling persists that there is something. And you know how those feelings are. We both feel that most students will go to a dance feeling that they had something.

The committee is to be congratulated for the manner in which they handled this—.

On the whole we both feel that you have been fortunate in your selection of bands. We might even say cunning, in fact we will say cunning. We feel as you must feel, that we both feel together the same.

Let us close by congratulating the committee on their selection of bands. Expressing ourselves, we believe we reflect the opinion of the committee, when we say that these two bands are excellent. These will probably be considerable dancing during the evening and everyone will probably get that old feeling. The students are to be congratulated on the way they chose their bands.

The bands chosen are to be named later. Read the next issue of the Frown and Bite to find out.

Physics Class Vanishes In Air Raid Yet

Parents to Get Rebate
On Fees, Tuition and
So Forth

Williams Says So

Saturday found a soberer, but wiser group of students on our campus, as the search still continued for the class of Engineers who disappeared during Tuesday morning's air raid trial.

Air raid warden Slott says: "Can't understand it"

The full report is just eeking out from the heavy wall of censor surrounding the Physics building since the fateful event.

The last that the unlucky group was seen was at 10:40 A. M. Tuesday morning as they marched happily towards the deep dark basement of the physics building.

Among the missing are:

Bewley M. Snaver, Ph.D., Associate air raid warden.

The rest of the list, numbering 46, cannot be had for obvious reasons. (The Frown and Bite will pay ten dollars for the answer).

Physics 32 instructor and warden, Peterford, is now searching the various labs and bear traps set in the corridors. His only remarks, hastily spoken as he crawled along the roof of his stone building were: "Already, yet, found we have traces them of."

One unverified report from the Dean's office tells of horrible tragedies, and unforeseen catastrophes, in an unknown basement of the ugly, ugly building, which harbors and fosters one of Lehigh's most beloved departments.

Coming Up

Friday—

7:00 a. m. sleep

7:30 a. m. complaints

8:03 a. m. sleep

14 Sophomores Attend Junior Class Banquet

Dr. J. J. Zippy, Ph. D., LL. D., C. O. D., Speaks
On "Sexy Women I Have Known"

Honorary Frat Takes 106 Suckers for Ride

In a just too ducky initiation ceremony which lasted just about three weeks, and 46 seconds, 106 neat fellows are now brothers in that grand honorary fraternity known around the campus as the "goony-goony-goonies".

Requirement of a three point oh-too average was fulfilled by a good many of the fellows.

Dean Hander, guest speaker said: "Grand".

Congratulations, you sweet guys.

Lousy Campus Magazine Still Gripping for Stuff

The Lehigh Belcher—monthly publication—wishes to announce that in the next issue of this time worn magazine will appear a parody called the "Brown and White" making fun of our oh so peachy "Frown and Bite". It is hoped that the school will accept their dull efforts with due sympathy; also Horace M. Gluemaker, editor, is asking for contributions from anybody and everybody.

STOP PRESS

4,000,000 SIGN . . .

BARB WIRE

TO GO

Blitzendrooper

Says So

(Story on Inside Page)

Meardly Faints

Dr. Keek Says All
Will Live Perhaps

Dacey Says So

With great excitement the Junior class listened intently to Dr. J. J. Zippy's afterdinner speech, which he chose to call "Sexy Women I Have Known". Previous to this ordeal was an alleged dinner at the Hotel Bethlehem which featured a main course of French Pastries and a desert of Ham and Eggs. Immediately after the heaving which naturally ensued all lay back in their dispensary cots, and between intermittent burps and hiccoughs, chewed their cud as Zippy rattled on with his never-ending patter.

He began with his life at the age of two and one-half, when he had some truly amazing experiences with the opposite sex. His first story ending pleasantly with the murder of a four-year-old girl friend from jealousy. Changing his pace, Zippy, began with a practical demonstration of how to graciously excuse oneself in the presence of women.

It was at this point that our beloved philosopher and guest for the evening, Dr. G. Z. Meardly, quietly stood up screaming, silently yelled at the top of his lungs and collapsed on the floor, his face flushed from embarrassment. After gently dropping him from the roof of the hotel, Zippy came back with a bang.

"Best time ever" was consensus of opinion.

Frown and Bite

Distributed occasionally

Who killed cock robin
publishing Co.

Office Easter-Baucon Hall

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Manager Hasbyn See
Fratlett

Editor To be chosen

News Department

C. Tedy Smorgasborg
Gravey Davey
B. B. Bast

We point with pride yet view with alarm and it's really a crying shame although it is an unremediable situation we thing something ought to be done about it or else the students will petition and if they do the faculty should realize that better relations will never be reached unless the morale is raised and if so when it never reaches a maximum point as defined by Engels third law of population versus the working people why shouldn't they walk on the campus say yah studinks if in doing such we promote true democratic freedom and barbed wire should never be strung across the fair green sward of our noble institution's beautiful landscape and if air raids come do not fail to attend the Mustard and Cheese production remember it is your school as well as ours think Lehigh, live Lehigh, be Lehigh even if grub is food and Lamberton hall isn't what we hoped it would be remember that other places are worse and if you think the Library lights are bad did you ever try to study at the lookout if not why walk way up there to point at a building and say see I live there get out there and fight Lehigh even if we haven't won a game remember it is the spirit not the score that counts in the final analysis Diefenderfer is a grand chemist and remember that extra-curricular activities are fine especially if you're lucky enough to work on this paper which is perfect collegiate journalism and we point with pardonable pride and why don't students go to concerts and get filled up with culture everything in life can't be integrated so to Broughal high school en masse Lehigh.

To Hell with Lafayette.

The Bullslinger

by Sidetrack Tom

A few nights ago

a group of my friends and others nearly so, were joining me in a wassail or so in Joe's Amber Palace. In staggered an inebriated member of our oh so select group who politely slipped on his wristwatch and fell head over tin cup into the moat. He struggled amidst cigarette butts and discarded packs and all the while muttered insipid droclings of an inane high school romance and something else about a blond in a bell tower. My boss, whom I believe to be a kleptomaniac to judge from his stealing of other's stuff, shouted "my, my, how ungrammatical, you must be a Business man — and furthermore, socially illiterate." A couple of foolish cliff dwellers—no doubt this Cedar Crest conscious pull-

ed him out.

I retired to the sanctity of brew, beer you proliteriat.

Oh! Spring, Spring — Spring on Lehigh — gush, gush phooie!

It seems there was a dance

at school Saturday night. of Lehigh's embryonic General danced their fair love's all over the suffering dance floors to the strains of our college band. dazzling sight — gush, gush.

Thud of the week.

Mary had a little lamb — a the doctor fainted. — This may be old to you but it is a new one to us.

Incidentally that other periodical on this campus has been the disapproval of my Moravian Companions, and that should be enough to keep us from wasting our time reading such rot.

A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

One student said to a friend the other day, "I don't like to say anything, but the glue on the back of those defense stamps tastes funny."

Be an air warden. Roam the streets after dark. See things, do things! One warden said that she had never seen or felt anything quite like it.

New hope held out for those lost from the Peary North Pole cruise. Rallying the hopes of the civilized world, Eric Pooh-lensen, eminent Norse sled dog, said he though, or rather he felt or maybe he believed, on that point he didn't seem certain, but that there was a definite hope he felt sure. For further details see the Alumni Bulletin.

Big faculty tea was held at Limburger hall, snappy new hot shot eating place on the campus. W. W. Clements when questioned regarding the brawl, said, "What a peachy stinker that was?" Complaints from a neighboring frat club caused police to raid the joint at 4 a. m. All except those lucky few who locked themselves in the gaming room were incarcerated.

by J M Glamme

Police Chief Whizzorneau said he had adopted siege tactics and would hold out till spring. On request of one member the victims of arrest are not have their parents notified, expressed gratitude . . . so even giving the Chief used athletic tickets.

What I want to drive home to each and every one is that the city of Bet'um is trying to cooperate with us students, and probably would be only too glad to receive from us any old firemen's outfits, axes, shovels and hoses which don't happen to be in use.

Tires
Do you need new tires? Call them through me. Call Di Tracy in care of the station which you are listening.

Lehigh Wins

Sheridan Says So

Wrestling Team Wins Great Victory Some Place Broughal Places

For the first time in sixty-eight years Lehigh regained her championship of Lehigh County in Intercollegiate wrestling. Sheridan was quoted as saying immediately following the contests "Have a Beer" upon being revived.

In the first round the boys from Holy Joe Episcopal Choir gave our lads a rousing battle, but in the final analysis Lehigh was shown to be the victors, creating a new problem in the next round with Bethlehem Girl Reserves All Star gathering. As soon as their opponents were rudely dispensed with a score of 18 to 171909, our boys polished off the Hi-Y and 4-H Clubs with speedy celerity.

Then came the big event. The two undefeated champions, our own Lehigh University and Broughal's snarling tigers.

Our tired men although outweighing the boys from across the street by 28 pounds per man, still managed to put up a game bout in the new Grace Hall, which was heavily surrounded by barb wire for the occasion.

As soon as our opponents were defeated, our ace reported dashed into the Broughal dressing room to get several choice statements from the broken wrestlers.

Joe Smith, American, said, as he pulled up his nickers — "Ya. Ya studinks."

Lehigh's soccer, lacrosse, badminton, track, cross country, ski and frosh track teams beat Notre Dame, Yale, Harvard, Lafayette, Muhlenberg, Fordham and New Mexico Normal Schools respectively, yesterday.

Lehigh Teams Not So Hot

Old Timers Ten Times
As Tough As
Present Crop

Mike, Jim Say So

In an exasperating speech before a crowd of inspired Frown and Bite reporters, Mike and Jimmy, those rascals of the health house, came out with a clean towel and their candid opinion about lots of things. One was an all-Lehigh wrestling team:

121 pound—A. Calloused Cakeland, picked world's snazziest rassler in 1921.

128 pound—Ann Sheridan, present title holder.

136 pound—Billy Seridan, no relation but still quite a kid in his time.

145 pound—Dr. Dearf N. Deffer. Ask any sophomore about him.

155 pound—The "Angel"

165 pound—Billy Sheridan with pillows on. Quite a kid in his time.

175 pound—Barbara Fritchie Unlimited—Rosie the Redskin with full Nelson's disqualified.

Keeping up the monologue with one hand and passing out butts with the other, one of the two men also said that he thought something ought to be done. Meaning of course that action should be taken.

An outstanding undergraduate athlete, holder of 12 gold medals including awards for Free hand vaulting and Sad-Apple polishing, named Berny Castiglia Dean, was questioned thusly: "Don't you think, occasionally". "Occasionally, yes" was his unexpectedly agile reply.

Swim Team All Wet Yet

Mighty Taylor Pool
Jammed With
Agua Bellies

Billy Rose Says So

Drowning their sorrows after last night big meet with Billy Rose's water calvacade is Lehigh's swimming and diving and water polo team.

Leading the calvacader's mighty onslaught were Jimmy Weismuller and Eleanor Holm Jarret Rose, breaking world's records in the corkscrew crawling and English overarm 670 meter contest before a massive crowd of 1800 students gathered in row boats, submarines and canal barges in the pool in Taylor gymnasium. A line four blocks long was awaiting the opening of the ticket office, as DT's and schones madschen's fought to gain entrance to Lehigh's largest sporting event of the entire season.

Between the halves the band swam in typical manner and, to the catchy strains of Mary Ann McCarthy, formed a Nazi Swastika which was followed by a rousing University Smell.

Starting the second half with a sixty-four to nothing lead Lehigh soon dropped their lead after losing the English Channel Relay by six and two-thirds rods. The diving events were next and all were slightly disappointed in the high publicized Jack P. Gaynor as he suffered a broken neck, a cracked vertebrae and a ruptured toenail in the Swan dive trials. With this set back, Lehigh was on the road to sure defeat, and never threatened thereafter. The final score was 14x dx to 38 x2 dy.

Drink Beer For Health

Chronic Alcoholics A
Myth; Alcohol Is
A Preservative

Faylett Says So

"Chronic Alcoholics No Problem" says A. Bart Faylett as he announced today that when bigger, better bodies based on bulgier, brawnier biceps were built, he would build them. With this statement still in midair Faylett said in clipped tones, "Our new intramural program will start soon."

With sadistic malice Faylett announced that the dominoe marathon would be continued. Said one exhausted competitor, when he had been revived, "The pace is inhuman, it'll kill dose guys."

With 3 key men laid up due to injuries and a like number of ball carriers out of the line up for the same reason, Mu Alpha Mu lost the final match in Ping Pong. Said Weinsteinowicz after the hotly contested battle, "Whew."

Scores from other matches:
Mu Nu Sigma 31, Lambda Alpha 31.

One unverified report has reached the P.E. office, that Tau Delta Tau defeated Omega Alpha Theta 301-300. This is the sort of thing we hate to see on the campus. However no action will be taken till more definite information is had.

901 silver medals were recently awarded by A. Bart for outstanding performance in Freshmen Drawing Lab. Special leadership medals being awarded to those men who stayed to the end of two labs in a row.

The new schedule will be announced Monday. All practices and group discussions on the matter will count toward P.E. credits. Actual participations secures for the men involved several choice delicacies.

A New order for 1,027 medals has just arrived. If you can do anything come down and get one. Just tell us what it is you can do.

Faylett asks that the ghosts in the upper gym please refrain from wearing white gym equipment. Four intramural men were killed yesterday when the varsity ran through the gym.

Calendar . . .

Three weeks ago: something vital to national defense happened but nobody was there so forget about it. The Frown and Bite never worries about old news, so why should you?

Last night: The Library, home of the wildest parties on the campus, was burnt to the ground by the Betlem fire department. The Chi Psis, a local frat body, tried valiantly to put the roaring inferno out but were not allowed by the fire chief.

Today: A. Browner Spruce, noted dimwit on campus, went on pro for the seventh time in eight semesters. Too bad, Browner, you just miss the Phi Bete cup for scholarship.

Tonight: A putsch will be held at Joe's at midnight. Everyone come and bring your bombs and beer. It will be a real party. A. Bart Faylett will address the mob just before the explosion. His topic will be—

Tomorrow afternoon: The annual meeting of the faculty will be held in Grace Hall. Students are invited to see the movies free that afternoon as the meeting will be a rather bloody one. Dr. Kick O-gosh-what's-his-name Carl will demonstrate blood transfusions and the yearly suicide of the most popular faculty member will be held promptly at.

Some Tuesday: PM, Bible of the student and all other revolutionaries, will publish a new article describing the efforts of the working man to usurp the power.

Any night now: Dick Tracy will recover.

2 a. m.: The Sportsmen, hardy souls, left for points unknown again. It is rumored they are on their way to find the Killey-loo bird, believed to be extinct for a long time, but that is just a rumor so it is probably true.

3 a. m.: R. Ache Gongdown announced that there would be no drinking or something to that effect. He was immediately backed up by the entire staff of Christie's who chorused: "O Come, All Ye Faithful."

FLASH! The Phantom is now prowling around Betlum in a last ditch effort to find the dirty bum who committed the awful crime and then leaving without a clue.

Another Flash: A meeting was held last night. Where the hell were you?

Roach, Miehle Accused of Killing Barlet

Moravian Distraught Over Fiendish Murder Of Ace Casanova Mekeel Says So

John Marvel Roach, BMOC and South Jersey flash, was released by the Bethlehem police today after it was definitely established that he did not kill Linseed Bartleet, notorious Red-baiter and muck-raker.

Bartleet was found with his throat slashed and twenty-seven deep stab wounds at the foot of the New street bridge. Police suspect that Bartleet was planning a clandestine meeting with a Moravian femme fatale with whom he had been toying.

Wilhelm Mickle, bloated South mountain conservative, was taking into protective custody and has not been charged by the police. His only statement was, "but so ungrammatical."

Browder to Speak Maybe

Kruthers Says Liberal Is Neat Guy and Good Speaker

Earl Browder, nationally known liberalist and educator, will address the Senior class at graduation it was announced by his colleague, Nails Kruthers, if his parole can be arranged.

Browder, known to his friends as "Lead Pipe," will speak on "Riding the Rods Through the Soviet."

Kruthers and Browder did time together at Oxbridge, notorious English institution of yearning.

Kruthers stated that Browder "is a grand, intelligent, fine fellow . . . marvellous personality . . . magnificent speaking voice"

Compliments of
**A
FIEND**

Archie Topsy Named Lehigh Head Boss

Democracy Stinks, Says Phi Gum Chieftain After Conclave Topsy Says So

The Phi Gum house held a meeting sometime last week and appointed Archie Topsy dictator of the Lehigh student body.

In a statement to the press Topsy said, "Why have student elections at Lehigh? Phi Gum's always win them anyway. Here have a cigar."

He named Scalp Mose as head of the Studentenstag, Dazzle Sjaver, boss of the Gestapo, and Burnie Deane, chief of the Strength Through Joy Movement.

International Peace Club Declares War a Flop

The International Peace Club meeting in Dr. Lion Gutshell's air raid shelter decided that the was can't last more than three weeks longer. Churchill, Hitler, Stalin, Chiang Kai Chek, and Duble Chek were notified of the club's decision.

**B I L E
Theatre**

D A R K

Beat Me Daddy

PADDLE CO.

YOU BREAK 'EM

WE MAKE 'EM

Crackeback, N.J.

What do you want?

● **FILTHY BOOKS**

● **DIRTY XMAS CARDS**

● **FAKE FRAT PINS**

● **LANA TURNER**

You Can Get It at the

SUPPLY BUREAU

Platter Prattle . . .

EARL HINES

The Fatha' is off on a Lunceford kick on both sides. "Swingin' on C", while not nearly so good as Jimmie's Columbia pressing, moves right along with some fine Bud Johnson tenor and an elegant trumpet ride. The intonation is a bit ragged, but a solid beat and lots of drive more than atone. "I Never Dreamt" is a rather poor ballad ably sung by Madeline Green and the Three Varieties. More Lunceford scorings and Johnson tenor. A little less vocal and more of the Earl's piano would have helped, though. A fair buy on Bluebird 11465.

GLENN MILLER

The poor little people who revel in the originality of Miller's music are going to have a tough time explaining "A Chip off the Old Block", which is nothing but a conglomeration of ancient riffs long and successfully used by Count Basie, Will Hudson, Raymond Scott, and Casa Loma played in the usual lifeless Miller mode. Turn it over, and you have an attempted revival of "Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee" which, after hearing what Marion Hutton, Ernie Cacaes, and the Modernaires do to it, should have been left buried. Bluebird 11454.

It must be admitted, however, that the ballad arrangements of "Tarry Night" (Peter Ilch's "Patnetique") and "Skylark" are beautiful as well as boring. Eberly addicts will find him in his glory on both sides. Bluebird 11462.

The girl's father shouted down stairs: "What's the matter, young man, has your self-starter broken?"

Came the reply: "What's the diff as long as we have a crank in the house?"

—*Columns*

* * *

There was a young girl from Biscay

Whose clothes were considered risqué.

Her dress in November

Was enough to remember.

But you should have seen her in May.

* * *

She—"Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

He—"I eat spaghetti."

from page 4

GUY LOMBARDO

Always good for a laugh, the genial Guy literally outdoes himself with his waxing of "Blues in the Night", which is without doubt the worst record of all time even surpassing Martin's "Hut Sut" and James' "Headin' for Hallelujah". The celebrated Trio cooperates by being more off-key than usual, the brass and saxes are sloppier than ever, and the "rhythm section" weighs in with some figures that bring on hysterics. It's really a shame to give a tune as good as this one such a ludicrous treatment. The backing, "Frankie and Johnnie", is merely anti-climatic. The biggest guflaw of all time on Decca 4177.

ALTO SAXOLOGY

Decca has issued an album featuring the works of some of the country's better known alto men including Jimmy Dorsey, Pete Brown, Benny Carter, Johnny Hodges, Willie Smith, and others. Unfortunately, none of these men's best work is represented here. For example, Willie Smith's passage on Lunceford's Okel "Uptown Blues" is greatly superior to "Oh Boy" while Pete Brown's spirited chorus on Frankie Newton's Bluebirding of "Rosetta" far surpasses "Old Stampin' Ground". And on any Victor record you can find better Hodges solos than on the Duke's "Chicago". However, all these reissues merit a listen, and there are other solos of high caliber by the dozen. Give it a try.

Sometimes I Wonder . . .

When I reflect on the rulers and statesmen

Who have got us into the place we have got in,

I wonder, as one who thoroughly hates men.

How so many can be so rotten.

* * *

Judge: "You are accused of shooting squirrels out of season. Have you any plea?"

His: "Yes, your honor. Self-defense."

—*Jester*

* * *

"How about some old-fashioned loving?"

"All right, I'll call grandma down for you."

—*Pieces-of-Eight*

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Beauties

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(AUTOGRAPHS)

Feel Tired, Let - Down?

Does Your Car Lack Pick-up?

See Spots Before Your Eyes?

if so

TWY...

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SPOT REMOVERS

*"Does the work of a chisel without the
clanger at a chisel."*

"If I dood it, I get sick — I dood it."

. . . Mimi Ginch

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17 CHOICES 17

(count 'em)

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FOOD WITH THE GODS

FREE!! FREE!! FREE!!

For Lehigh Men

an autographed copy of

"MY SON WAS HER UNDOING"

BY

Margarite U. Steenk

"My dear, you simply MUST read it."

—Boris

"Simply ravishing."

—Rickey

"That's nothing to be ashamed of."

—D

ARE YOU BOTHERED WITH

MOSS ON YOUR TEETH?

DRINK

ROLLING ROCK BEER

Down with

A_____

Up with

J_____

Yanks Are

Bas_____

Enlist in the

JA —AR— TO —

The Revered Ashes of Gen. Ho

5
OTTER

(DOODLING)

SPACE FOR RENT

SOPOKI HIROTO

Cleaning and Spying

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we can't scrape it off."*

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Containing French
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hack saws.

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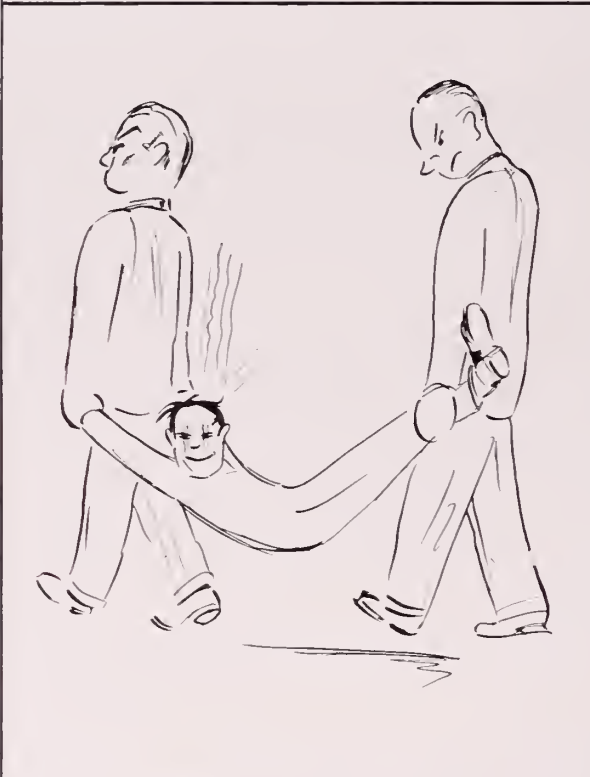
See Us for Your Next Stripping Job

THE RISE OF SEMESTER

Corn

BK I

This is the story of
One Semester Joe
whose father warned him of
women
and
drink
He was pledged by
Phi Beta Gamma
Largely because his alumnus uncle
had just reconditioned
all the
lavatories
On the night of the pledge banquet
he learned that
all malt beverages
are not necessarily
malted milk
By the end of his first lecture
he was thoroughly convinced
that college
was different from
high school
His fraternal brothers
forcibly convinced him
that extra-curricular activities
were broadening
So he took Journalism I
under the terrible
T. T. Tost



March, 1942

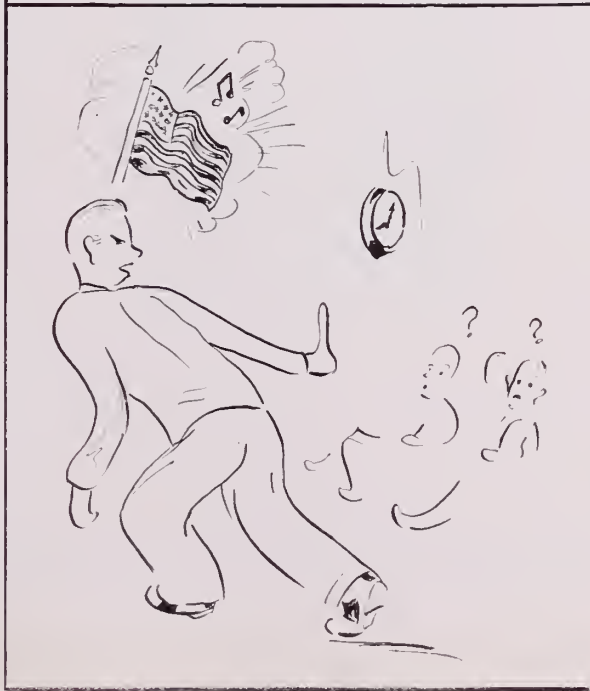
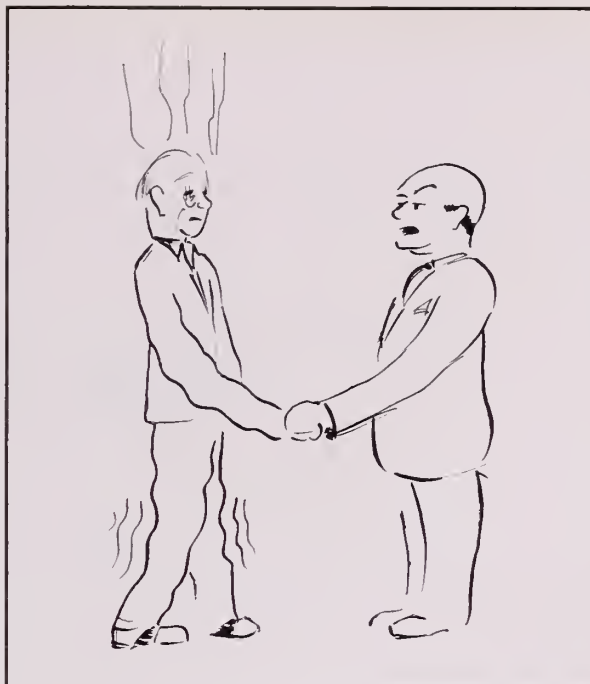
AND FALL

ONE "JOE"

By BARBARA
FRITCHIE

BK II

Houseparty came and so did
his date
from Flat Hills High School
She went home
her virtue unimpaired
but her self-confidence
shaken
Valentines arrived
and he learned that
he was deficient in everything but
Basic Military
Thanksgiving holidays were spent
at home
trying to convince fond parents
that the bags under his eyes
didn't mean he was
working too hard
Final exams arrived
and he spent ten days and nites
living on
coke and aspirin
But the results were such
that Joe thought it advisable
to join the
Armed Forces
and if he should fall
the University will be proud
to plant a
tree



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from page 3 . . .

2) *BABE OF THE PUDDLE* (another hint)

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Kinney's Grill,
And deep his midnight lair had made.
In Old South Mountain's grimy shade.

3) *BEERS? FREE BEERS* (still another)

Beers, free beers, I know not what they mean,
Beers from the depth of some divine keg
Rise in the throat, and gather to the eyes.
In looking on the graceful, shapely leg,
That rests on yonder red plush chrome stool.

Part 2.

Punctuate the following sentences.

- 1) Had he had what he had had when he had had it the first time he would really have had something?
- 2) i thinking quickly quickly said to him hi kid quickly bring me a quickie before we quickly have another quickie.
- 3) The cat was dead.
- 4) im glad that youre glad that im glad that youre glad that imgladchirpedthelittleman as hebent overthebathtubholding thegreenchromosomeinhis gnarledpaw yet.

Part 3.

Underline the words in the following groups that have a similar meaning.

- 1) queer sunny cold abnormal metallic flamboyant
- 2) hot gamut scintillating gaspingly hot fibrous
- 3) honorable trusting trustworthy admirable virtuous

Junior Prom

JIMMIE GORHAM AND HIS ORCHESTRA

APRIL TENTH

TEN 'TIL THREE

Part 4.

Answer the following true-false statements.

- 1) Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth*?
- 2) Ben Johnson typifies a modern humorist except when.
- 3) The German people are a race totally without artistic ability in the literary field, and originated the *Horrible Crimes* pulp magazine, which proves *Faust* was written by an Englishman under an alias.
- 4) Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth*.
- 5) Discuss the Philosophy of *The Prisoner of Zenda*.
- 6) Shakespeare wrote.
- 7) Shakespeare.

GEOLOGY

Of all the subjects which undoubtedly an engineer should know about, Geology is undoubtedly the one. In such a subject one undoubtedly learns about such holes as the sinkhole and the kettlehole—no doubt. A sinkhole is not found in the kitchen but under the top of the under dirt, and is formed by water running through the top of this upper dirt and taking some of the dirt from below the upper dirt away with it. When enough of this dirty water has removed some of this dirt from below the upper dirt, a sinkhole is made undoubtedly. But this isn't a sinkhole. This is just the hole. The sink is the part of the hole which is in the upper portion of the dirt and is in the form of a round thing with the bottom below the top undoubtedly.

GEOLOGY QUIZ

- 1) Undoubtedly describe a sinkhole.
- 2) Undoubtedly describe a kettlehole.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Lesson I. Selecting a Xmas gift for the girlfriend.

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead

Who never to herself has said:

Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme????

With this beautiful though in mind, we proceed to the

See page 20

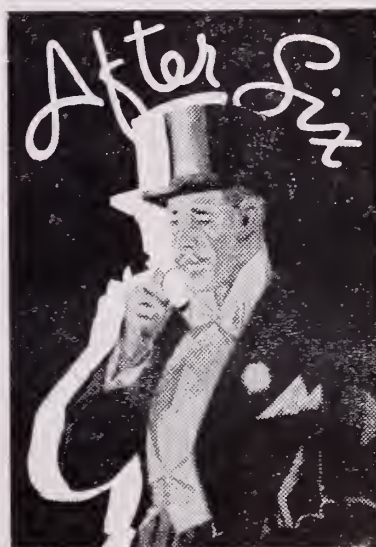
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from page 19 . . .

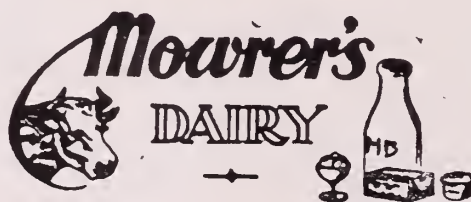
subject of the gift. All girls like perfume or anything you give them that costs money. We chose perfume because we think it stinks. The perfume must be in a long-necked bottle. Indeed bottle necks are of great importance these days. A bottle has a neck in order to narrow the opening down to the size of the cap. Some necks are long and others are short depending upon the length of the neck. The longer the neck the farther away the cap is from the bottom of the bottle. To prove this for your own satisfaction, seize the neck nearest you, place it upon the table and jump up and down upon it several times indiscriminately or not. This procedure is similar to that which. Proving that the longer the neck the farther the end s from the beginning. Upon receiving the perfume in the long-necked bottle your girlfriend will roll over and want to be tickled, for nothing will tickle a girl more than a long neck.

Further gift suggestions may be obtained by saving all of your old necks, or reasonable facsimiles, and sending them to us. For each neck we will send you two brand new caps of varying sizes which you may try fitting on your bottles in your spare time.

***Drink*
Golden Guernsey Milk**

Mowrer
Wants To Be Your Milkman

ICE CREAM *FOR ALL
OCCASIONS*



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Frosh: Where's the Men's Room?

Soph: What's it to you?

* * *

He: "Do you love me, Joan?"

She: "My name is Helen."

He: "Isn't this Wednesday?"

—Exchange

Prof: "What's a skeleton?"

Frosh: "A stack of bones with all
the people scraped off." —Widow

* * *

"You should place your hand over
your mouth when you yawn."

"What, and get bitten?" —Analyst

THE SEASON IS HERE AGAIN

THE MOST POPULAR
WINTER RECREATION

—o—

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THIRD and ADAMS

After ueen Elizabeth had got safely across the puddle on which Raleigh had put his clooak she said, "I am afraid I have soiled your coat." Raleigh replied in French "Mon Dieu et mon droit," which means, "My God, you're right."

* * *

Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling off the trees.

* * *

An angry kangaroo suddenly yanked its offspring from its pouch and smacked it across the snoot, exclaiming bitterly: "I'll teach you to eat crackers in bed."

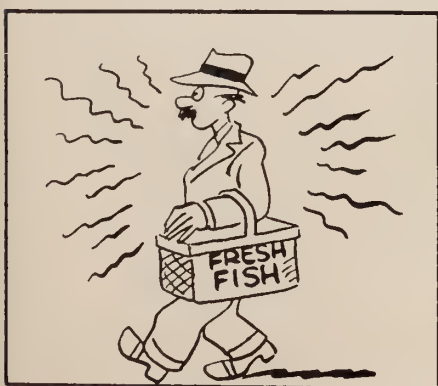
—Purple Cow

Lehigh Valley Milk

"The Farmer's Dairy"

1026-1052 North Seventh Street

Allentown 3-5115



SCOOP

A reporter had been sent to cover a great mine disaster. He was so impressed by all that he saw that he tried to indicate all the emotion and heroism that he saw around him in that vast panorama of death.

In a telegram which he sent to his editor, he began, "God sits tonight on a little hill overlooking the scene of disaster."

His editor immediately wired back. "Never mind disaster — interview God" and concluded with, "Get picture if possible."

The underworld hates flat feet, because flat feet are an arch enemy.

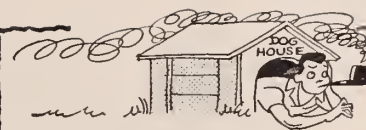
"If you don't marry me I'll take a rope and hang myself in your front yard."

"Ah, now, Herbert. you know Pa doesn't like you hanging around."

They're making a sequel to the picture, "The Letter." They're calling it "P.S."

Visitor: Are there any slick crooks in this city?

Native: Slick crooks! Why, one evening at a dance they stole my pants and hung weights on my suspenders so I wouldn't miss them until they had gone.



A BICYCLE BUILT "FOR PHEW"

but Pete's out of the dog house now!



WHEN PETE LIT HIS PIPE, poor Patsy got dizzy. "Listen to me, my love!" said she. "You stop and get some mild tobacco that *smells* good or else!"



THE HAPPY ENDING! Pete got himself some Sir Walter Raleigh, that mild, mellow blend of fine burleys. And all was kopasetic! Try this brand of grand aroma.

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

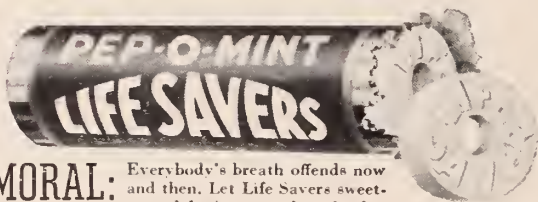


UNION MADE

Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE** Every Friday night—NBC Red Network Prizes for your "Dog House" experience



Dick mumbles, "Sweet as honeydew!"
Janet sighs and quavers.
Dick says, "No—I don't mean you,
I mean these swell Life Savers!"



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let Life Savers sweet-
en and freshen your breath after
eating, drinking, or smoking.

FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

IT'S ALL SO SIMPLE

"Where'd you get that girl you were out with last night?"

"I was driving around in the new car, so she had her sorority sister introduce her to me."

"What new car?"

"The car I had to get to drive back and forth to the house."

"What house?"

"The house I bought to put the furniture in, of course."

"Furniture?"

"Sure. The furniture I had to buy to put the ash trays on."

"What ash trays?"

"The ash trays I got for saving cigarette coupons."

COMIC DICTIONARY—P TO S

P

Pacifist—One who can't argue in favor of peace without using his fists.

Pants—Trousers' country cousins.

Peace—In international affairs, a period of cheating between two periods of fighting.

Pessimist—(1) One who, of two evils, chooses them both. (2) An optimist who endeavored to practice what he preached.

Philanthropist—One who returns to the people publicly a small percentage of the wealth he steals from them privately.

Philosopher—One who instead of crying over spilt milk, consoles himself with the fact that it was over four-fifths water.

Photographer—One who can make an ugly girl pretty as a picture.

Platonic Love—Like a gun you didn't know was loaded.

Politics—A matter of passing the buck or passing the doe.

Postscript—Usually the only thing of interest in a letter.

Promoter—A man who will furnish the ocean if you will furnish the ships.

Punctuality—The art of guessing how late the other fellow is going to be.

Puncture—A little hole in a tire usually found a great distance from the garage.

R

Reputation—A personal possession, frequently not discovered till lost.

Resort—A place where the tired grow more tired.

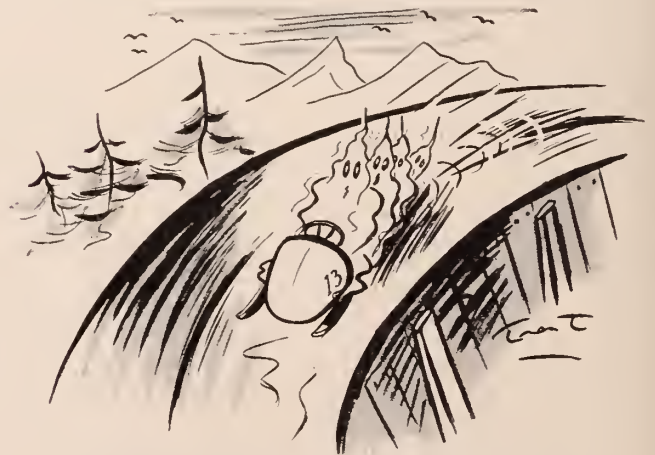
S

Sailor—A man who makes his living on water but who never touches it on shore.

Screeno—A game originated by a theatre manager with a conscience. It enables a few lucky members of the audience to get their money back.

Sinner—A stupid person who gets found out.

Smokers—People who claim the more they fume, the less they fret.



"Now, Brentwood, see if you can stay on the runway this time!"

The golfing clergyman had been badly defeated on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said. "remember you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the preacher. "it will be your hole."

—Gags and Giggles

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Little Willie seeking fun:
Sawed his legs off one by one.
"No more stockings" said his dad
"Willie's such a saving lad."

* * *

"You look broken up. What's the matter?"

"I wrote home for money for a study lamp."

"So what?"

"They sent me a lamp."

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Mr. and Mrs. Smith were at their breakfast table. Said Mrs. Smith to the newspaper that hid her husband:

"Those new people across the street seem very devoted."

No reply. Only a rustle of the paper.

"Every time he goes out he kisses her, and he goes on throwing kisses all the way down the street. Albert, why don't you do that?"

"Me?" snorted Mr. Smith. "I don't know her!"

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IF ONE ONLY KNEW...

Lord, wouldn't time ever go by. Why did the clock have to sit there and laugh as it tediously ticked off the hours?

It was nearly dawn now on that fateful September morning. For two days and two nights Joe had hardly eaten enough to keep his well-formed body alive, and as for sleep—well, one just couldn't sleep with his mind tortured by thoughts of *that day*, now ever drawing closer.

One hour—two hours—three hours—seven o'clock—time to get dressed. Hah! get dressed.—as if he had been undressed.

"No thanks, no breakfast."

"They are here for you, Joe."

"All right, I'm ready."

At last the time had come. Funny—the attitude one gets just before such an important event, not fright, more of a fatalism.

Not a word was spoken on his way to *that place* with these men. How could they be so cool? Of course, they had been through it before, but could time ever ease such anguish? Joe thought not.

He climbed the steps slowly and with pain. The door to *that room* was slightly ajar and as Joe entered, all twenty faces suddenly became stern, a deathly silence

crept into the atmosphere. Obviously his time had come; the next move was up to him. His muscles contracted, and after what seemed an eternity, he found himself speaking:

"I'm Borden, your new English instructor."



"What would you do if I'd kiss you?"

"I'd yell."

Silence. A kis. More silence.

"Well?"

"I'm still hoarse from last night."

—*Penn State Froth*

* * *

Heredity means if your grandfather didn't have any children, then your father probably wouldn't have had any, and neither would you, probably.



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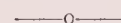
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No, Miss Lentz, a neckerchief is
not the president of a sorority.

—*Sundial*

* * *

First He—Was her father surprised
when you said you wanted to marry
her?

Second He—Surprised! Why the
gun nearly fell out of his hand!

—*Exchange*

Now Showing . . .

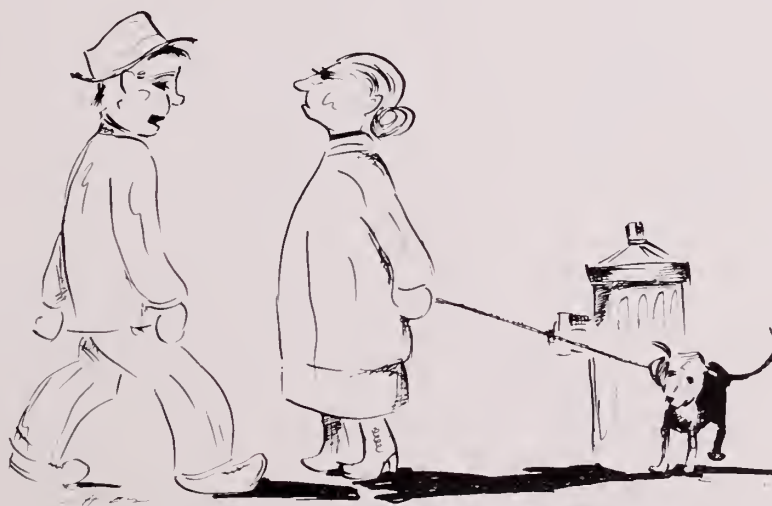
Clothes for Spring Wear

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Bricker's

BREAD

Spring . . .

Is the Time of Year When a Young
Man's Fancy Turns to Cheer . . .

Turn in Here

JOE

"When did you first suspect your
husband was not all right mentally "

"When he shook the hall tree and
began feeling around for apples."

—Columns

* * *

Fay—What sorority do you belong
to?

Kay—Damma Phi No.

—Guess Who

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PARDON ME

"Open the window."

"No, it's cold out."

"Well, open the door, then."

"There's too much draught."

"Well, turn on the fan."

"It's too breezy."

"I don't want to inconvenience you but there's a dead
guy under the table."

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